

FORAKER AND TAFT

Two Great Ohioans in Line for 1908 Lightning.

ROOSEVELT—ANTI-ROOSEVELT

Attempt Will Be Made to Capture Southern Delegates by the Anti-Line-up in Ohio Gradually Forming.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Ohio, it would seem, is about to recapture from Iowa that political premiership which Iowa flched from Ohio only a few years ago. With Taft and Foraker contending for the Presidency, Ohio would have the limelight and Iowa would have to join the commonwealth of minor consequence.

The announcement by Mr. Taft's friends that the War Secretary is willing to become a candidate if there appears any substantial demand that he do so is the chief political development of the month. It is to all intents and purposes a formal and authoritative launching of the Taft boom and an invitation to Taft adherents in all parts of the country to get busy. It also is notification to the "Conservatives," or anti-Roosevelt, Republicans that they cannot have the nomination without fighting for it. There has been for some time a crystallization of sentiment in the anti-Roosevelt camp favorable to the combination of Senator Foraker and politicians are beginning to believe that the lines of the next contest within the Republican party already have been drawn.

That Secretary Taft's friends will have to fight for the Ohio delegates to the next National Convention goes without saying. The men opposed to him in his native state are born fighters and are strongly entrenched. With the warriors of the old Hanna organization, now marshalled by Senator Dick, and Foraker's veterans of the war-path joined in an offensive and defensive alliance, it is a pretty hard proposition for the Taft people to go up against. This is especially true in view of the fact that there has not yet been developed in the Ohio Taft faction any formidable and sagacious leader. Congressman Burton, of Cleveland, is the strongest man they have, but he is neither a politician nor a fighter and last spring, when it seemed he had a chance to do something blundered so badly that Foraker and Dick got away with about everything in sight.

Should Senator Foraker become the candidate of the anti-Roosevelt faction in the Republican party it is believed a large share of the old Hanna followers would line up behind him, and again would be demonstrated the truth of the old adage that politics makes strange bed-fellows. Already, it is said, that some of the old Hanna lieutenants are at work trying to alienate the South from its allegiance to Mr. Roosevelt the purpose being to capture the Southern delegates to the

next national convention and vote them against any man who Mr. Roosevelt may favor for the presidential nomination. Mr. Hanna had a strong hold on Southern Republicans, while Mr. Roosevelt has stepped on the toes of Southern Republican leaders without any attempt at gentleness.

All over the country there is an awakening of interest in the 1908 election, and from almost every State comes word of effort to displace Mr. Roosevelt as the leader of his party.

CURED OF LUNG TROUBLE.

It is now eleven years since I had a narrow escape from consumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a leading business man of Kershaw, S. C. "I had run down in weight to 135 pounds and coughing was constant both by day and by night. Finally I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and continued this for about six months, when my cough and lung trouble were entirely gone, and I was restored to my normal weight, 170 pounds." Thousands of persons are healed every year. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers' drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

PAYMASTER REPORTS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Controller Metz received from the city paymaster yesterday the report of the latter's transactions for 1906, showing that the city paid out for salaries and wages to employes \$69,575,359. That was \$5,510,311 more than the city paid out in a similar manner in 1905.

Wise Counsel from the South.

"I want to give some valuable advice to those who suffer with lame back and kidney trouble," says J. R. Blankenship, of Beck, Tenn. "I have proved to an absolute certainty that Electric Bitters will positively cure this distressing condition. The first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking a few more bottles, I was completely cured; so completely that it becomes a pleasure to recommend this great remedy." Sold under guarantee at Chas. Rogers' drug store. Price 50c.

ARGENTINE OUTBREAK.

BUENOS AYRES, Argentina, Jan. 4.—During a street fight between the police and people at Peminajo, Province of Buenos Ayres, six persons were killed and seventeen wounded. The people made a demonstration against the municipal authorities and the fight followed. Further trouble is feared.

A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Cures in a grippe coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

KING GOES HUNTING.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—King Edward, who is a guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, is enjoying the pheasant shooting. His outdoor activity indicates that he is now more robust than for sometime.

THE OTHER GIRL

AND the mine, Mr. Farroll "Judith interrupted. Not for the worlds would she have called him "Dave."

Farroll dropped the fork he was unconsciously fingering and looked at her across the narrow strip of table. To him she was the one feminine thing in the world worth looking at.

"But I was telling you about the girl," he said slowly.

"Oh," so you were." She feigned an ill-concealed yawn.

Farroll reached into his pocket, and drawing out a crumpled yellow paper, passed it to her.

It was some time before the letters would keep still enough for Judith Grant to read. She hated herself for that, for the sickness in her heart, for the sudden weight of love for this mountain product plained down by a year of conventions and city ways. Again the words of the telegram swam before her:

"Yellow Trail O. K. Jackson finishes work tomorrow. Come by stage."

Her cheeks were brave with color as he passed it back.

"Well," she smiled, determinedly, "the assessment work has been done, and you own the richest claim in the county, in spite of the fact that you've played for the last twelve months."

"Scarcely played," he mused, glancing at his big hands. "When a man's thirty it isn't easy for him to go back to school." There was a fragment of silence. "Sometimes love comes like the thaw on the timber," he went on more slowly, "a little at a time, a little at a time, with snow flowers and violets sort of smiling up between."

Sometimes it strikes one like a blast when the fuzes've been tamped and lighted in the dark, and then—why, then—"He leaned abruptly across the little table; his eyes were luminous. "Look here, Judy," he said. "If a fellow knows he's big and clumsy as a bowler, if he hasn't got a thing but a claim and a heart and a pair of knuckle-bone fists, no—learning, so to speak. If she's slight as brook willow and sweeter'n plum bloom, if she's been below to school—"

"Has she been below?" cried Judith. She began a hurried mental summary of the six girls in the county who had been away. One of them must be the girl he loved.

Farroll nodded, still looking at her.

"And she couldn't be proud of a fellow unless he'd sort of studied up to make things square," he suggested.

Judith's gaze wandered absently down the narrow dining room of the roadhouse. She had been born in that house, yet now familiar objects looked blurred and unnatural as she blinked to hold back the tears. The white-washed walls, still hung with drying Christmas wreaths, were spotted with light where kerosene lamps swung against tin reflectors; the squares of hinged windows, curtained outside by the night, lost their corners; the oil-cloth-covered tables danced to the empty chairs standing in formal rows. Travel was always light on New Year's Eve, and to-night the Hanford stage, stopping an hour for dinner and a change of horses, had brought but this one passenger. She had always known Dave Farroll would come back, and she had hoped—

"Did you study up?" she suddenly asked.

Again he nodded. "That's why I couldn't work the "Trail," he said. "You see, it was a night shift on the books and a day shift in the foundry, and a sort of between-times studying things out." He shook his big shoulders and laughed; the laugh was big, like the rest of him. "Why it was great, Judy," he finished doing it for her."

The girls lips were drawn, but they still smiled.

"Of course, it was only common things that I learned," he went on, a trifle humbly; "things I'd ought to have known when I was little. There was sums and grammar and writing." Diving abruptly into his pocket, he pulled out a notebook and a fountain pen. On a blank page he wrote "Mrs. David Farroll" in prim, vertical script. "These!" he said, in satisfaction, "she won't be ashamed of that, eh, Judy?" Judith bent low over the paper. To her the penmanship was beautiful but she said, slowly, "The letters look like the wooden figures used to in my Noah's Ark."

"Why, yes," he assented, "maybe they do." He tried to laugh then tore the paper from the notebook and rolled it into a little wad.

The dining room grew so still that they could hear a twig of tamarack

seesawing outside against the window-pane. From the kitchen came the clatter of dishes and the odor of frying steak.

Farroll scowled down on his knuckle hands, then his face lightened. "They're clean and honest," he said, looking hopefully up at her. "If they aren't much good with a pen. And perhaps she won't mind?" The rising reflection made the last sentence a question.

Judith did not answer. Her heart was full of mingled contempt and pity for herself.

The silence made Farroll's forehead moist. Fumbling for a handkerchief, he pulled out a pair of gloves he had arranged with care in his breast pocket and mopped his face with them; then his glance fell again on the offending hands and he shoved them out of sight under the table. "They're like hams!" he groaned. "Big freckled hams!"

No one contradicted. "I'd better have worked the claim and stayed at home," he went on, miserably. "I'm not fit to use anything but a pick or a windlass!"

Judith caught a sob in her throat and forced it into a laugh with words on the tail of it. Prompted by an instinct of self-protection, she said, steadily, "Oh, nothing can make a thoroughbred out of a draft horse." The words cut her two-edged; she longed to press her cheek to the big knuckles, but instead she finished, peering at them over the table. "And maybe she likes ugly things!"

The door from the kitchen swung and banged against the wall. A rosy waitress tripped across the floor with a tray held high above the half wreath of holly berries on her head. Farroll was conscious of a puff of air as some one passed him, and that the chair opposite was empty.

"A—draft horse," he repeated, when the girl asked him if he wanted coffee.

Judith sped down the hall to a door beyond the one which bore in black letters the word "Parlor." She burst impetuously in. Her cheeks flamed dull red, like a Judas tree in April. The ache in her heart made her gray eyes look black.

The room was small and low of ceiling. Beside the bed a woman sat rocking and sobbing in a hopeless sort of way. There was a base-burner stove with some tiny garments drying before it on the backs of chairs. Near it stood a man in a shaggy greatcoat with a bundle in his arms.

Judith strode to him, and the mother instinct of the mountain woman made her own trouble crouch to cover.

"Tom Morrison," she exclaimed, "you haven't had your coat off since you drove the stage to the barn! You haven't tasted a bite! Give me that child!"

The man looked up at her a dumb misery in his eyes.

"And the stage goes out in less than a quarter of an hour," she suggested. Slipping her arms under his, she cradled the bundle, and began pacing the floor, crooning, "Hi diddle diddle, my son Jon. The words were singularly out of keeping with the mothering tones.

At length the man spoke, partly to Judith, but more to himself. "She," with a sideways motion of his head toward his wife, "she says the doctor calculates it'll take two hundred dollars—or thereabout—to get the little chap below to pay for the operation. He's worse than ever before tonight. I've got seventy dollars! Lord!"

"Hi diddle diddle—Judith stopped short in the word to ease the bundle down into the woman's arms.

"The stage goes out in ten minutes," she said. "I'm going to bring Tom's coffee in here."

(Concluded on page 6)

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